

Good Morning

\$58

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

DID you boys see that bit in the newspapers the other day that has made quite a lot of "thinking" people wonder what is going to happen to our religion?

The bit I mean stated that out of seventy Service men who were asked to supply the words following "Our Father Who art in heaven..." only a small number could go ahead with the prayer a short distance. And Not One could complete it!

Bit of a startler, isn't it? Or maybe it isn't.

Of course, it has been a grand argument for the atheists and the agnostics and the others who take a delight in such things.

Added to this is the statement recently made that the number of Church-going people is away below what it was a few years ago.

Added to this is the general attitude of what is called the inability of the Church—and I mean all places of worship—to "attract" the public.

In short, there is, it is said, an ever-widening gulf between the general public and any, or all, species of religion.

People regard the Day of Prayer, I have been told, as something approaching a mild superstition, upheld by the churches, commanded by the King, attended by the leaders of our social and political life as a matter of routine, and not a matter of sincerity.

Well, suppose it is all true. Let us grant that it is. So what?

It doesn't prove anything to the detriment of religion, does it? All it proves is that we are much more material than our fathers, and much more selfish than our grandfathers. For in their day they took religion seriously.

The fact is that these waves of materialism and scepticism come along in much the same way as an epidemic of fever or plague or influenza.

One man (or woman) starts it and spreads it along the line; and before you know where you are all the doctors are thinking out ways to stop the devastation. Just like the Great Fire of London several centuries ago.

And they had a drastic enough cure for that conflagration. They blew up buildings to stop it. They stopped it.

It would do us all good to have a spiritual blow-up these days.

Now, notice a strange paradox here. When an atheist, or an agnostic, points to such a state of spiritual decay and has his jibe, he generally is, at the same time, anxious to show that HE is living a better life than the so-called Christians. Only he lives his life as he does, because he recognises that it is BETTER to be recent than to be indecent.

No atheist I have ever met will condone a dirty action, or a rotten deal. He calls

this attitude "being socially responsible."

That is, he recognises that every person has a social responsibility towards his neighbour. But NOT towards Anything, or Anybody else.

That has always bothered me. If the social instinct is to be recognised, surely so is the religious one. If we can call it an instinct.

So really if the atheist, or agnostic, upholds social responsibility, he has no moral (if he accepts the word) right to sneer at others who include his theories and take a step higher, at the same time.

For the recognition of a Power higher than humanity is a step higher. (It can't be a step lower, anyway.) It involves another responsibility, another "duty," another set of acts outdistancing humanity. It links with what has been called the Unknowable.

It is a remarkable historical fact that war always does let loose all restraint on conduct. War itself is a throwing off of the ordinary rules of conduct. And then?

Well, boys, and then there comes the backward swing of the pendulum, and humanity gets a bit ashamed of its excesses during the war period, and tries to get on an even keel once more.

No war that ever raged in this world but has repeated that process. Go back to the days of Troy and before that, and you'll find the same conditions.

You find it in your individual lives. Do something very foolish, something very base, and you are conscious of "letting yourself go"—and then,

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is e'en as if an angel shook his wings.
William Cowper
"Charity."

with the dawn of reason, there steals back slowly, maybe, but surely, the "recognition" that you've went off the rails.

You see, it is like the turning of the magnet to the metal.

No, I don't bother much about all these statements about the "decay of religion." We have had decays before and will have them again.

In nature we have winters, times of decay; but always the spring comes round again.

Read the story of the Israelites and you'll find they had periods of decay, too, in their national life. But Pharaoh got the knock-out for all that, at the time he told them they were in a state of decay.

Who in heck wants to copy Pharaoh?

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

AND NOW THEY'RE GOING TO SHIFT GREENWICH

By George Graham

SO at last, after 268 years, they're going to shift Greenwich Observatory.

But have no fear that Greenwich mean time will be changed. "Double British Summer" is change enough already, they think!

It is exactly sixty years ago that by international agreement we decided to adopt a prime or zero meridian from which all longitudes should be measured. It is only for the past sixty years that the phrase "Greenwich mean time" has been possible, though most people, if asked, would suppose that it dated back somewhere nearer the time of Charles II, when the Observatory was planned.

Sixty years ago, when the decision was made, it quite easily might have been "Berlin Mean" time, or "Washington Mean" time—but the decision to stick to G.M.T. was a well-merited recognition of the great contributions that the Observatory had made, during more than two centuries previously, to astronomical and nautical science.

Now the decision has been made by international agreement—in which Nazi scientists and astronomers have had to concur—that, no matter where the new "Greenwich" shall be, the phrase "G.M.T." shall be unchanged, and Mean time for all practical purposes shall be calculated from the Greenwich meridian.

Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, and a body of experts are now deciding where the new Observatory shall be. He is faced with the same difficulties that hindered "Mr. Z." Dr. Alwyn Crow, the inventor of the rocket A.A. gun.

Dr. Crow's team of ballistics experts began research at Woolwich eight years ago, but by 1939 they had discovered, as had long been known at the neighbouring Greenwich, that the upper atmosphere is nearly always obscured by soot and London smoke. Dr. Crow had to go

to Jamaica to finish his tests, where a clear sky up to a height of over eight miles could be obtained, and right up to the Heaviside layer there are no tiny particles of dust and smoke to obscure telescopic view.

Sir Harold Spencer Jones can't take the new Greenwich as far away as Jamaica. Meteorological conditions vary greatly from one part of the country to another; places only a few miles away may differ

Sir Christopher Wren built the present Greenwich, though several Observatory domes have been added since 1675.

Charles II gave the site on the highest ground in the Royal Park at Greenwich, where an old watch-tower had long stood, and directed the Master of the Ordnance to provide, out of the sale of old and damp gunpowder, a sum, not exceeding £500, to defray the cost.

John Flamsteed, one of the greatest astronomers of his day, was appointed by the King as "our astronomical observator," and was given the salary of £100 a year—out of which he had to buy his telescopes and chronometers!

Fortunately, other scientists of the day were sympathetic, and Tompion, the famous master of English clockmaking, built a ten-inch-square brass-dialled regulator clock with one large hand. This was fitted into a panelled room at Greenwich, and during Flamsteed's time was the major room clock at the Observatory. When he retired, Flamsteed had the clock put in an ordinary "grandfather" case, and now it is in a private collection and worth a small fortune.

When the Observatory was founded, Greenwich was a pleasant and fashionable village in the country, a few miles from London. In his diary, Sir Christopher Wren recorded several pleasant trips to Greenwich when he was supervising the building, and Evelyn speaks of it frequently.

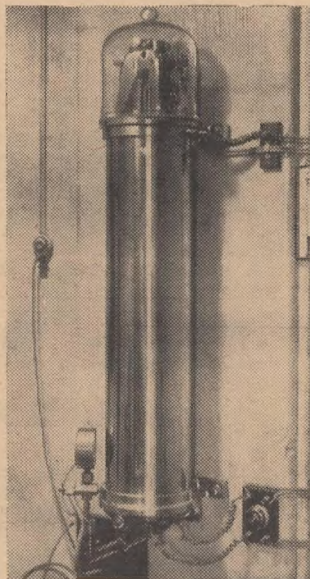
None of them could have foreseen the amazing growth of London. They could not dream that Greenwich's great telescopes would be seriously hampered by factory smoke and resulting fog. Factories and power plants have become increasingly numerous along the river. The London County Council erected a power sta-

tion right on the Greenwich meridian, only half a mile away from the Observatory!

"The increasing pollution of the atmosphere by smoke fumes and grit has more and more hampered observations, and imposed restrictions on the work that could usefully be carried out. In the years immediately preceding the war, the sky at night had become increasingly bright because of the more powerful road lighting and the use of illuminated advertising signs, so that from the Observatory it had become impossible ever to see the Milky Way with the naked eye." So says a Greenwich official concerned in the selection of the new site.

"Long-exposure photography was out of the question. The Observatory cannot stop the growth of London. Its only available alternative is to move to some new site, where it will have an unpolluted atmosphere and be away from the glare of artificial lights." Where? Sir Harold Spencer Jones's experts will give no hint until they are nearer a decision.

But it can be stated that a certain mountain site in North Wales has been turned down because of mist; a certain area at present used by a great East Anglian airfield will



Greenwich has world's most accurate clock, losing 1/1,000th second in six months.

Love from a "Military Family" to O.S. George

YES, it's the same job that your mother is doing. Ordinary Seaman George Stainfield.

"Good Morning" photographed her at home, 27 Stanton Avenue, Salford, Lancs, while she was busy at the machine putting a "stitch in time" into brother Eddie's Grenadier Guards uniform.

"Sewing? That's my job for all of them," Mrs. Elizabeth Stainfield told us.

She looked quite happy about it, anyway, as she worked the treadle and guided the khaki under the needle.

With Father, Mr. Albert Stainfield, in the Royal Artillery, Brother Eddie in the Grenadiers, and Sister Elsie in the A.T.S., Mother gets plenty of these jobs at leave-time, and still manages part-time war work.

In addition, she is at the moment looking after her mother's house at Collyhurst.

She sends best wishes from a military family to their only sailor, and hopes that you like the picture.

Stainfield



So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For, all our joys are but fantastical.
John Donne.

never be suitable for the Observatory, though miles from the nearest town, because coastal conditions do not give a good night visibility.

Other experts favour a great private park in the North of England, at present given over to the National Trust. If plans could be made for a new "Greenwich" here, it would be miles away from city glare and smoke. But astronomers would have to live there, or do a daily journey of over 70 miles to work!

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

BLUE-TITS CAN'T MOVE

THEY were too bold and cheeky to be scared off, and took possession of the orchard in the most impudently free-and-easy fashion of any bird family anywhere.

When first found, the young blue-tits were half-fledged, and the parent-birds gave their nesting-place away by incessant journeys between the gooseberry bushes and an aged apple tree.

At some time or other a branch had been torn out of the trunk, and in the cavity a crowd of gaping mouths were held up over the nest whenever the blue-tits made a darting journey from the fruit bushes.

Soon there were seven lively youngsters darting in and out of the fruit bushes—and the orchard seemed just about filled with cheeky, bold blue-tits.

Never in one place ten seconds together, they twisted, turned, hopped, hung upside-down on a branch—and were gone to the next bush or tree. They were supposed to be searching for insects and small seed, but when the red currants began to hang down in clusters those mischievous blue-tits strewed the floor with them—just for fun.

The mistress, going into the orchard to gather red currants, saw, and went back for Rover. Rover is a shaggy-haired, ancient sheep-dog, whose working days are over, and whose only concern in life is to lie comfortably on an old sack and dream.

A sack and a bowl of water were placed alongside the currant bushes, and Rover was told to lie down.

He wagged his short stump of tail and lay down—and the blue-tits took to the tallest apple trees and did an acrobatic display for Rover's benefit.

The mistress gathered her currants and left Rover on guard.

At noon the old dog had his dinner taken to him. He was found still in the same place, faithfully guarding the currant bushes. And on his back were two impudent young blue-tits, industriously searching for their lunch amongst Rover's shaggy coat.

Jesse was called in for advice—and he recommended evacuation.

A couple of wire-cage traps were placed between the bushes and baited plentifully with small grain, and Rover relieved from his watch.

Next morning the whole family were inside the cages, frenziedly tugging at their prison bars, and very excited at the shabby trick they had been served.

Jesse carried the unwanted family into the plantation—about half a mile away—and "hoped they'd like their new home," while the women-folk got busy picking fruit.

Before noon there came a chorus of chirps from the hedge-side apple trees, and the evacuees did an extra acrobatic display to celebrate their return home.



What, a Rear-Guard Accordion?

NO, boys, you're mistaken. That fellow up above is not trying out "John Brown's Body" on a seated accordion. He's merely showing us how the old "Gout-Preventer-Unexcelled-And-Supreme" (we're quoting the inventor) was worked by the guys who believed in advertisements—yes, even as far back as 1760 when this invention came out.

With a footboard below, the gouty and credulous old gents of that bottle-a-day epoch used to bounce up and down on the leather, spring-filled seat.

The advertisements said: "This can well be accomplished in the secrecy of your own chamber, and is a Supreme Converter of The Malady of Gout into the Glory of Youth and Shapeliness."

Yes, You, Too, Can Be the Life Of the Party!

Solving Twin Puzzle

(From Rob de Witt)

TWINS fifty years old and living many miles apart recently died suddenly within a few hours of each other.

One of the twins in Sheffield suddenly complained of a pain, collapsed and died. Early next morning, saying "there was something wrong in Sheffield," his twin brother in Lincolnshire, many miles away, collapsed and died.

Thus was added one more instance to the many remarkable examples of "telepathy" between twins, even when separated by hundreds of miles. One of the most tragic cases

it would be no exaggeration to say that getting the same illnesses at the same time was the rule rather than the exception in the case of identical twins.

To quote one typical case reported some years ago, twins in Victoria not only had mumps, measles and the other childish illnesses, but were both admitted to hospital within a few hours of each other suffering from acute appendicitis.

A real illustration of this strange bond occurred some

twins there is not the same physical and psychic similarity. They are formed by the chance of two egg cells being fertilised instead of one.

They may not be very much more alike than ordinary members of the same family, and may be of different sexes.

Identical twins are always of the same sex. They are more like each other than the left side of one is like his right side. Very exact measurements with some dozens of twins have shown greater correspondence between, for instance, both their right hands than between the right and left hands of either of them.

AS A MIRROR. A certain number of cases of "mirror" twins have been recorded, where measurements show one to be the other as he would be in a mirror. One twin is right-handed and the other left-handed.

The finger-prints of the left hand of one correspond very closely indeed to those of the right hand of his brother.

In a few instances there has been complete transposition of the heart, liver and other organs.

The many instances of illness contracted together, and even of deaths together, can be explained more simply than by "telepathy." In every germ cell there are weaknesses. Identical twins inherit these in exactly the same proportion.

Therefore the odds are on their contracting such things as appendicitis and heart trouble at more or less the same time, since both have exactly the same physical constitution and weaknesses.

Scientists have carried out many elaborate studies of twins and established that twins are mentally as high as ordinary children. The case for twinning being "hereditary" is not proven.

The Institute of Child Welfare of the University of California, after a year's study of twins, concluded that twins seldom have twin children, but that older mothers tend to have twins more often than young mothers.

There have been many instances recorded of a mother having two, three, and even four sets of twins. A mother near Doncaster in 1937 gave



was that of Drs. A. B. and S. M. Smith, the brilliant young research workers, who committed suicide together in London in 1935.

They had studied together, come to London together, operated together, and were telepathic to the extent of carrying on a conversation with a third person by one brother starting a sentence and waiting for the other to complete it.

There are many extraordinary instances of twins contracting illnesses together, even when far apart.

years ago when a five-year-old in Manchester received an accidental blow with an axe on his left eye.

Shortly after the accident the left eye of his twin brother began to swell, although it had been quite untouched!

Identical twins are formed by the actual splitting of a single individual.

For some not understood reason, in one case in some hundreds, the fertilised egg divides into two parts, which then start to grow in the ordinary way by cell division.

In the case of "fraternal"

There's a P.O. Near the Pole

(Says John Fleetwood)

EIGHT thousand million letters and parcels a year are posted in Britain. Christmas week accounts for 100,000,000 letters in London alone. And total war has greatly added to the need for and the difficulties of operating the many scattered elements of the postal service.

To meet the growing needs of the Forces, Allied postal services are constantly expanding. Hundreds of Army and Field Post Offices have sprung up to serve the men in scores of outlying training areas, as well as those on service in the various theatres of war. An advanced A.P.O. across the Burma border is a little bamboo shack, miles beyond the point where roads end and deep jungle begins. Panting brown mail-runners trot into this primitive office and squat on the mud floor for a brief rest after their final 25-mile spurt through the densest part of the jungle.

Jungle postmen have to work fast and warily. Dallying may mean a quick death at the hands of a Jap patrol and the capture of the mail bag. Twice each week these runners make the hazardous trip—in pairs, one carrying the mail, the other armed with a rifle—a ten-days' run, camping in the jungle, at the mercy of enemy, flood, storm, wild beast.

In fact, no matter where a man or woman may be stationed—in desert, jungle, mountain, plain—there is a Field P.O. not so far away where he can communicate with family and friends, and place savings and cherished possessions in safe keeping.

And this goes for civilians, too, to the farthest ends of United Nations territory. You get some idea of the vastness of this great worldwide service when you consider that an average one-day print of postage stamps in Great Britain alone is over 20,000,000.

The paper is specially made, and in order not to offend over-sensitive tongues, the purest gum-arabic is used—150 tons of it, brought all the way from the Sudan. Sudan is a territory of well over 1,000,000 square miles, with a scattered military and civilian population itself served by a strangely mixed mail-carrying service.

There is the main air span between Wadi Halfa and Malakal. But letters addressed to remote stations off the air route have to be passed forward by motor-lorry—when the season permits. At other times it is done by bullock cart. The Sudanese stamp depicts a camel on the job. In

birth to twins twice within twelve months.

SCIENTISTS DIFFER.

What really interests scientists about twins is the opportunity they offer for the much-debated question how much heredity and how much environment count in forming character and ability.

They know that identical twins inherit exactly the same physical and mental constitution—the intelligence measurements give exactly the same figure for each child, and in school they will even make exactly the same mistake in doing a sum, or drawing a map, although kept far apart.

If we could examine later in life identical twins who, by some chance, had been separated shortly after birth and brought up in different environments, we should be able to say how much heredity and how much environment count.

Such instances are rare, of course, but a number have been found and systematically studied. Unfortunately, the experts have come to conflicting conclusions.

the boggy season, and in rock-bound country, these "ships of the desert" are the only transport possible.

All things considered, it's speedy, too. On the fortnightly mail-camel service between Gallabat and Gedaref, for instance, fast dromedaries complete the journey in four days. It is less than 100 miles, but with such difficult going that no other ground transport can do it in less.

Hundreds of thousands of people in the U.S. and Canada live so far from a P.O. that the Government sends a complete postal service to their very doors—45,000 post offices on wheels, which cover daily about 2,200,000 miles. Letters and parcels are delivered, and collected—some 25,000,000 of them—every day.

In some regions in winter the roads, many of them little more than tracks, are so mired up that motor transport is out of the question. So the postman travels in a closed horse-drawn buggy, complete with stove, driving through the front window, and sorting the mail as he goes along.

About 60,000 Russian postmen are horse-mounted. Hundreds of rowing boats are in the Soviet postal service, as well as motor-boats and sea-sledges. These are for deliveries across frozen lakes and huge ice-bound areas.

And while eager Soviet citizens devour news from warrior sons and husbands, postmen elsewhere are struggling to reach other outposts of the civilised world. There are corners of the Empire where mail can be expected only once a year—not even then, unless opportunity offers and the weather is kind enough. Tristan da Cunha residents are lucky if they see a ship once in two or three years. Since the war they have been almost cut off from the rest of the world.

A short while ago the Royal Canadian Mounted Police established a post at a record northerly point in Canada—Pond's Inlet, Baffin Land. Then they set going another at Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Land. This one is the most northerly post office in the world; it's less than 800 miles from the North Pole.

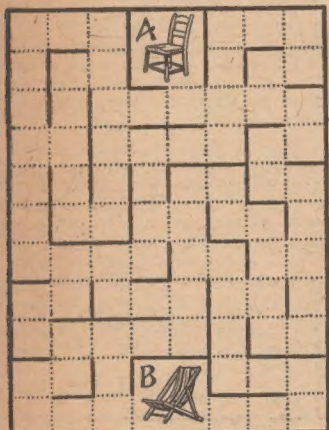
When the ice breaks up, a resident from warmer parts, usually a police officer, is sworn in and fitted out as a postmaster. With his precious cargo he boards the stout little vessel, aptly named "Arctic," and heads north to distribute a year's news to the trappers and exiles marooned at those far-flung ends of Empire.

Sunday Thoughts

The Christian religion not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one. Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity; and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience. Hume.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
Burns, "Grace before Meat."

Puzzle for to-day



TAKE IT EASY!

Leave that uncomfortable chair at the top (A) and make your way to the deck-chair (B), but you must pass through each of the 80 small squares on your way. You may not cross the continuous lines, or your own path, nor may you visit any square twice, or cut through a corner.

(Solution in No. 349.)

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

My first is in BROADCAST and OSCILLATION.
My second's in WIRELESS, but not in STATION.
My third is in RADIO, not in SPARKS.
My fourth is in PORPOISE, not in SHARKS.
My fifth is in VAPOUR, though not in STEAM.
My sixth is in RIVULET, not in STREAM.
My seventh's in TIMBER, not in BEAM.
(Solution in No. 349.)

BUCK RYAN



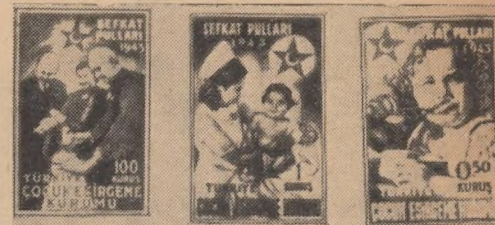
STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

ARGENTINA'S first charity issue appeared on January 5, after only three days' advance notice to the Press. There were five values, inscribed Pro-Cartero (for postmen). Of the receipts, 75 per cent. go to postmen, 15 for the employees who sell them, and 10 for the Postal Employees' Benefit Association.

For the first time, the Argentine Government decided that this year no tips should be given to postmen, and thought out this new way of getting a bonus for the men.

The issue planned is a large one, and following the values of January 5, three further values for ordinary postage and two for air mail appeared. The designs (two of which were previously reproduced in this column) contain the portraits of Samuel Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph; Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone; Sir Rowland Hill, creator of the first adhesive postage stamp; and the other values show Columbus landing in America, and a terrestrial globe with the Americas outlined in white and the letters U.P.A.E. (signifying Postal Union of Americas and Spain).



Quantities issued range from 50,000 for the air mails up to 20 millions for the 5c. plus 5c. The stamps were valid for postage for four months. On December 1 next a similar series will appear, valid until the end of March, 1945, and the Government plans to make this an annual event. It strikes me as a most apt way for the post-using public to reward the postmen who serve them.

The coming-of-age this year of Princess Elizabeth has revived interest in the stamps issued in her honour. Newfoundland and Canada both commemorated her at an early age, and the Newfoundland 6c. stamp, issued when she was six years of age, had always been popular, and continues to appreciate. At the beginning of the war it was catalogued at 4s. mint and 5s. 6d. used, and is worth picking up even at those enhanced prices.

Last year's "sweet seventeen" Elizabeth health stamp of New Zealand, though printed in large quantities, were readily taken up by collectors, and I feel it won't be long before fine used copies appreciate.



Another recent issue likely to prove worth while when in used condition is the over-printed stamps of the Falkland Islands Dependencies. There are eight values, from 1d. to 1s. overprinted Graham Land, S. Georgia, S. Orkneys, and S. Shetlands.

The sets are selling mint at 3s. 9d. for each dependency, but used copies are obviously the better investment owing to the small population. Advance orders were so large that dealers who applied late received only a proportion of what they asked for. A second printing is certain to be made.



An interesting set comes from Turkey. This is a charity issue for Child Welfare and the Turkish Star and Crescent, corresponding with the Red Cross organisation, for which there is a surcharge on all six values of 100 p.c.

They are photogravured and printed on chalk paper, with a perforation of 11. Also a miniature sheet was issued.

Royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A Republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many, who are all doing uninteresting actions. Accordingly, so long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, Royalty will be strong because it appeals to diffused feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to the understanding.

Walter Bagehot (1826-1877).

Good
Morning



★ Here they come
round Tattenham
Corner ready for
that hard struggle
up the straight.

DERBY DAY

When London
buses had no roofs,
they made mighty
★ good grandstands. ★



The only time we tic-tac men wear these brilliant white gloves is when we snoop Tattersalls and do the long distance rozzer. The man to the left is signalling two-to-one on. It's a little less complicated than semaphore—and faster. It's got to be when the big boys are betting.



★ ★ ★



★ (Above).
'I-got-a-norse' says
Monolulu. The
Derby wouldn't
be complete with-
out him.
(Below). The
Pearly King and
Queen of Finsbury,
out for the Great
Day.



★ ★ ★



"Ah! Man and boy these forty years I picked the winner, I did. It's just a question of judgment."



The days before they knew about salvage. What the Epsom crowds left behind them.